

The Glasgow Keelie

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Haw, Missus
Gi'e uzz
a
Knighthood!



The Curse of the Keelie

HONOUR WITHOUT GLORY

The other day, I wandered into the Barbizon ... that eccentric wine-bar and cafe-ridiculous of the Merchant City. Being one who remembers the intimate roguishness of the old Glasgow wine-shoaps, I thought it would be nice to see what the new ones were like. What a surprise I got, it was like a scene from a Chicago gangster gathering, full of shifty looking characters in double breasted suits, almost like in the old shoaps, except these guys looked as though they had just come back from their holidays and instead of brylcreem, it was mousse they had on their hair. Getting tanned nowadays is obviously different from the tanning you got in the old days. By the look of them, the good old days are now.

As I watched them toying with their calculators and playing flip with their clip-boards, I was even more surprised to see people whom I recognised, well known developers, speculators and other members of the spivariati and Lallyratzi. Oh, I thought, that's why all those big jeeps are parked outside sporting stickers saying, 'stuff Glasgow let me flourish'.

By jeepers but, when I looked right in, there was their patron saint himself ... Pat Lally ... right up in the front on

the rostrum, no doubt keeping them up to date on Glasgow-for-sale showcase. They were hushed and blinded by his light. And so they should be for is he not the doyen of developers and speculators ... the gambler solitaire?

So what if 1990 has not been his best year, after all look at the trouble he's had with Elspeth King and Michael Donnelly. Aye and then add to that the problems he's had trying to sell off the Glasgow Green and the City Halls not to speak of the heroic attempts to keep Glasgow's Glasgow ... ing on and trying to sell the Gorbals for private development.

Everybody can't be as lucky as Sir Mike 'Glasgow's Miles Better' Kelly. He only had to sell Glasgow's identity while poor old Pat has to sell its heritage, culture, and its municipal assets. He must have been puzzled at the incredible financial cost of selling Glasgow off ... economics on its head ... normally valuable assets are sold for a profit.

Of course Pat Lally doesn't really need the money to promote himself as he can rely on the charm of his glide. Mind you, even this pales when you see him doing the Lally-shuffle. I don't mean the shuffling of the pack in local Government power and finance when he manages always to deal himself an ace. I'm

talking about the times when he's decked out like a croupier shuffling up beside all those Royal visitors that came to Glasgow in its Year of Culture. He even managed to talk them into allowing the new St. Andrews Hall to be called The Glasgow Royal Concert Hall.

What a tough negotiation that must have been. After all most of the £28m which it took to build came from the £12m insurance money awarded after the St. Andrews Hall burned down in the early 1960s. Over the years, interest on the £12m doubled it to £24m while another £8.5m was given by Bruce Milan in his role as the European Commissioner.

Imagine getting Glasgow people to accept the royal anglicisation of their concert hall ... a mystery ... but then maybe it's best to keep it in line with the anglicisation of all the other institutions in Scotland. Some people say that this is the new form of cultural-imperialism but isn't it also them who claim that it was the Scottish Leaders who sold Scotland for English gold in the first place.

It's funny, though, when you hear folk call it the Lally Pallais, you would think it was his. Supposing it is his, it just makes it all the more generous of him to give it over to royalty when all he wants in return is the same



• Lord Lally of Glasgow's Glasgow, CBE, IMF, Press Bar and Cross

Knighthood that Sir Mike got.

On the honours list at last Pat ... 1991, Glasgow down the sink Lally in the pink.

You would hardly believe this but there are a lot of ungrateful people in Glasgow who don't recognise his deserving position. They say that if he gets the knighthood he has for so long hustled and shuffled for, it would be an 'honour without glory'.

Ach well it'll soon be over anyway so exit in peace Sir Pat Lally, enter Dame Jean McFadden.

Isn't she pally with Lally? Honour without glory ... makes you think eh!

Spatchcock Spout

THE REAL GLASGOW STANDS UP WORKERS CITY

**JOHN
MacLean**
March and Rally
10am
Sat 15th Dec
**Gather Wishart St.
(behind Cathedral)**
**March to Glasgow
Green**

COURT REPORT

Insanity Plea in Arches Rip Off

Mr Doug Clelland of Clelland Associates, Castlehaven Road, London, whose brainchild Glasgow's Glasgow is set to incur losses of more than six million pounds, now openly admits: "I am crazy".

Asked if Glasgow District Council were fully aware of the situation when they took him on, he replied: "They knew all about it."

Defending the fees of £240,000 paid to directors, including his own of £119,000, he declared: "OK I'm the fall guy. You can do what you want to me. I don't need Glasgow. I have been doing this sort of thing all over Europe. I am wanted in Germany."

It transpired that the accounts were filed reluctantly and only after a year of repeated warnings by the procurator-fiscal of police.

J. Reid was escorted to the toilet.

Four senior District Council officials are also implicated as hidden accounts to the tune of £700,000 come under scrutiny and may be the subject of a special inquiry. They are finance director Mr Bill English, planning director Mr James Rae, director of architecture Mr Christopher Purlow and director of museums Mr Julian Spalding. The mental condition of all these men is now thought to be precarious.

Others on the Glasgow's Glasgow gravy train include: Mr Carl MacDougal - £35,000. Mr John Bampton, design consultant of Sevenoaks, Kent - £78,000. Mr Mark Baines of Glasgow School of Art - £8,000.

Asked if he did not feel ashamed that poor people's money should be handed out so liberally to such a loathsome

gang, the leader of Glasgow District Council, Mr Pat Lally said: "These poor people are always whingeing".

It was revealed that Lally gave the OK for Saatchi & Saatchi to be paid £4m.

There was uproar when a frail old lady from the Workers City Group stood up and accused the Director of the Festivals Unit, Bob Palmer, and his deputy in the bunker, Neil Wallace, of being nothing but professional pickpockets and parasites - PR rats who for the past three years have treated the people of Glasgow with the utmost contempt, fleecing them of countless millions of pounds in a conspiracy hatched with Lally & Co, while the poor people in the ghettos are allowed to go on suffering in the neglect and dereliction that Lally's Labour Council has laid on them.

There was consternation as Clelland and Spalding made for the exits.

J. Reid was ejected from the toilet. Two men fainted.

The trial continues.



GLASGOW 1990



**CAPITAL OF
CORPORATE ENTERTAINMENT**